



JOHN CONSTANTINE

HELLBLAZER

NO.2 FEB 08

NEW FORMAT

SUGGESTED FOR
MATURE READERS



by Jamie Delano & John Ridgway

ASSASSINATION

MY EARN-DOCKED THREADS
PLASTERED ME IN A DANGEROUS
EMBRACE.

FEET SOUPY IN
SATURATED SHOES.

EVENING.

I SHIVER AS THE
MEMORY OF ANOTHER
TRICKLES A COLD
TEAR DOWN MY SPINE.

I MUST BE LOVING MY BEIN'
LETTING THE MURDER GEMIN'
SUCKER ME INTO A
CONFRONTATION.

STILL
CROSTIN' LA
GUERRA, EH?

SHIT
WHAT?

THE CLUB IS BUZZING.
ALL MANNER OF
STYLE STRUTTING
ITS STUFF, BUT I'M
NOT HERE FOR
DANCING.

I'M HERE TO
SEE THE BOSS.

WE'RE NOT IN THE
SECRET CASINO
WHERE THE HIGH-
ROLLER SWEAT
OFF HUNDRED-
DOLLAR BILLS.

OF WATCHING THE PUNTERS PAY
FOR SOMEONE ELSE TO SPEAK

IN PAPA MURDERE'S PLACE
THE DEATH IS GENERALLY
DOWNSTAIRS.

SPOKE A LIVE SEX
SHOW IS BETTER THAN
A DEAD SEX SHOW.

IN THE AREA.

EXIT

BREAK
HIS FACE?

KILL?

HELLO. I'M
FROM THE LEAGUE
AGAINST CRUEL
SPORTS.

AM
CONSTANTINE. YOU
DON'T APPROVE OF
THE ENTERTAINMENT?
I DIDN'T TAKE YOU
FOR A JOSEPHINEN
MAN.

HOW I, THE
VIOLENCE IN
HERSELF A SYMBOL
TO RELEASE
THE ENERGY OF
BLOOD LUST. NO
MORE THAN MAY
BE SEEN IN ANY
MOVIE OR
NEWSCAST.

TOHA! THEY
ARE NOTHING.
SOMEBODY DEAD
ALREADY.

IT IS THE ROAR OF
THE CROWD THAT EXCITES
ME. A HUNDRED MUST
DREAM FOMIE FROM MANY
SOURCES -- AND FOMIE IS
NEEDED TO DEFEAT THIS
FOMIE SPIRIT.

YEAHHH!

WHUMP!

YES, YOUR FOETE.
I BELIEVE. I HAD A
LONG TALK WITH
YOUR UNWASHABLE
FRIEND.

YOU ARE
A RUTHLESS AND
DECEITFUL MAN,
CONSTANTINE.

WELL
HOOBIE'S
PERFECT.

HAD
TO MENTION
LOW ANTHRAL
CUNNING.

ROUGH ON
THE ACTRESS.

MUM
HIM?

CHUCK
THE
MOTHER!

STOMP HIS
HEAD!

KILL KILL
KILL KILL!

EXIT

THWOK!

OOOHHHAAAHHH!

I HOPE YOUR STOMACH'S STRONG ENOUGH. IF YOU FLINCH, DISASTER.

DON'T WORRY, CHUM. I CAN HANDLE IT.

A FEAST OF FRIENDS

SCRIPT
TARVE DELAND
ART
JOHN BRIDGMAN
LETTERES
ANNIE HALLAGRE
COLOR
LOVERN KINDZIERSKI
EDITOR
KAREN BRIDGE

WHERE IS LESTER, OF THE PARTY?

AN YES, THE GUY, I PUT HIM IN THE PENS...





...THE SMELL OF FEAR ALWAYS HELPS THE JAGUAR TO FIND THE GOAT.

ALL RIGHT, DON'T EMB IT IN.



ILLO, GAZ.

SOHN, WHAT'S HAPPENING, MAN?

YOU SAID HE'D HAVE SOME GEAR. WHY'S HE LOCKED ME UP?



I'M SCARED, SOHN. I THINK HE'S GOING TO KILL ME.

MAKE HIM GIVE ME SOME DUNK, SOHN, PLEASE.

NOTHING'S GOING TO HAPPEN TO YOU, GAZ.

STILL, THE MORE HE PLEADS, THE EASIER IT IS TO LIE.



BUT YOU'VE GOT TO STAY DOWN HERE FOR A WHILE AND SPEAK IT OUT.

YOU CAN'T HAVE ANY DUNK YET.

WHY NOT? I NEED IT.



BECAUSE WE'VE GOT TO CATCH ANIMASTH FIRST.

IT KNOWS YOU AND IT WANTS YOU. YOUR NEED IS GOING TO MAKE IT CLOSER. THEN, BINGO...

...MIDNITE PUTS A HEAVY MANNY ON IT--AND IT'S ALL OVER. BAK THE SHOOTING.

NO.

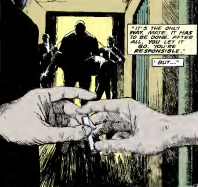


NO, SOHN, PLEASE. YOU CAN'T LET IT HEAR ME. I CAN'T TAKE IT.

YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE, SOHN, WHAT I'LL DO.

I REMEMBER THE PLEIST AGAIN.

SURE I KNOW, GAZ.

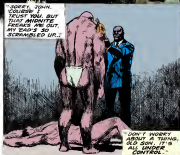


"IT'S THE ONLY
WAY. HAVE IT
TO BE DONE. AFTER
ALL, YOU LET IT
GO. YOU'RE
RESPONSIBLE."

"BUT..."



"MY FRIENDS,
REMEMBER?"



"SOFT. JOHN.
COULD I
TRUST YOU, BUT
THAT MIDNITE
FEELS ME OUT.
MY DAD'S SO
SCRAMBLED UP..."

"DON'T WORRY
ABOUT A THING,
OLD SON. IT'S
ALL UNDER
CONTROL."



"STAY COOL, AND
THIS TIME TOMORROW
WE'LL BE ON OUR
WAY HOME."



"MIDNITE'S A VICIOUS BASTARD,
BUT A SMILE LIKE AN OPEN
POUND."

"DON'T
LEAVE ME
DOWN
HERE."

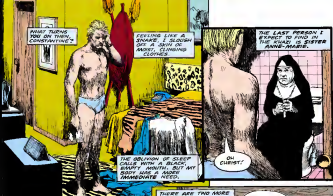
"HE TOLD ME
YOU WERE FRIENDS
AS CHILDREN..."

"DO SHUT UP,
POPS, BEFORE YOU
GET BOTHERED."



"THE ELEVATOR BUSHES
UPWARDS. I HAVE
NO WORDS LEFT, I'M
SHATTERED, A DEAD-
MAN, A ZOMBIE.
RE-ANIMATED BY A
COLD HAND WOUND
DEEP IN MY GUT."

"I SUGGEST
YOU BATHER YOUR
ENERGIES. WE FIGHT
THE ANGEL SPIRIT
AT DAWN."





THE LOOKS AT ME AS IF
I'D JUST CRAWLED OUT
FROM UNDER A STONE.

WELL,
BLOODY DAMN
SOMETHING,
THEN.



LOOK, WHAT DO YOU
WANT ME TO SAY? I'M
SORRY THE INVINCIBLE
KILLED YOU ALL?

"COUSIN, I AM
IT ABSELY GOT ME
TOO, I KNOW"



YOU ALL KNOW THE
RISK. WE WERE PLAYING
FOR HIGH STAKES. THE
HIGHEST.

GAMBLING'S
A FUNNY BUSINESS.
KIDS. SOMETIMES
YOU LOSE.



I THINK OF BART LESTER,
SWEATING IT OUT DOWN
STREET IN MADAME'S PEN.

HE WAS BORN
A LOSER.

SO THAT'S
IT, LESTER. HE'S
AN IDIOT. HE
BROUGHT IT ON
HIMSELF.



I WISH THERE WAS
ANOTHER WAY. BUT
THERE'S NOT. SO YOU
LOT CAN MIND YOUR
OWN GODDAMN
BUSINESS!

AM I REALLY TRYING TO
TASTIFY THIS TO A
BUNCH OF SHOTS? —
OR MYSELF?



IF THERE'S ANY GUILT,
IT'S MINE. I'M THE ONE
WHOSE HAVE TO HANDLE
IT. JUST LIKE I HANDLE
IT OVER YOU.

GUILT IS
THE DROVING OF
THE LIVING!



THAT'S ALL, FOLKS. SHOW'S OVER.

YOU CAN ALL GO OFF NOW. I WANT TO SLEEP.



CLOSE THE DOOR ON YOUR WAY OUT.



IN THE DARKNESS, THE ONLY SOUND IS THE RELENTLESS DRUMMING-MINI OF THE CITY.

I WONDER IF THEY'VE GONE.



THEY HAVE. FOR ONE LUDICROUS MOMENT, I ALMOST AMES THEM. ESPECIALLY SAM.

IT'S A BIG BED. I COULD DO WITH SOME COMPANY.



I LIE DOWN AGAIN AND A SMOOTHING SLEEP BUBBLES FORWARD ME LIKE TAP.

GOODNIGHT, JOAN.

HER SOFT VOICE, NEXT TO MY EAR, IS THE LAST STRAW.

I SUFFOCATE MY SLEEPING BODY IN THE PILLOW AND WAIT FOR DAWN.

THE NIGHT IS A
CARNIVAL OF
FUNKS

STEP NOW, INTO THIS SEETHING SKY-
BOX, ABOVE THE TOWER - GARDENS
FLOWER BRIGHT AND FEARFUL
FLOWERS GROW THEIR LURID
BLOSSOMS IN DARK CAVERNS.

FOLLOW THEIR SCENT
THE ALLEGORIC FEARSOME
OF ALINGER.

THIS IS A PARADE
OF DARK DESIRES

BELOW, THE TRAVELING
HEARTS BEAT OUT
THEIR TOM-TOM FUNK
OF ORPHANED NEED,
CALLING FOR PARTNERS
TO SHARE THEIR
DANCE OF BARRER,
CONSUMING
PASSION.

I HEAR:
I COME TO PLUCK YOU --
PETAL BY FLUTTERING PETAL
TO PLANT MY FURIOUS SEEDS
IN THE BELLY OF YOUR
CHARGED ESTATE -- TO
SAMPLE THE HECTAR OF
YOUR CRAVING WITH A
DISCERNING TONGUE.

A GLORIOUS, CONFLICTED
FRUITS OF AGONY
FEED ME WITH THE NINE
OF SPONSED LUST.

SEE ME SEEN.

SOUL BOND
FUND.

YOUR TELEPHONE IS NOT BEHIND
LEFT AND CRASH FOR PART OF
YOUR PHONE NEED--CRASH
YOUR BONDING BOND TO BOND.

STORYTOLD AND AN
STORYTOLD AND AN

STORYTOLD AND TO BOND
STORYTOLD AND TO BOND

IN THE AGE OF PLANT TO BOND
A BOND OF THE BONDING
BOND BONDING

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BODY FACTORY
BONDING PROTECTION
GYM

WITH DAWN, A GORGEOUS
RUSH OF FEAR LIPS ME
FROM THE CANYONS.

OUR FLIGHTS AND DREAMS,
BELOW, THE TOWER-GARDENS
HUM IN COUNTERPOINT.



ANYWAY WHEN SLIP
THE FIRST SUN EATS
INTO SPECTRA.

THIS IS A BLESSED,
PROVIDENTIAL
WORLD.

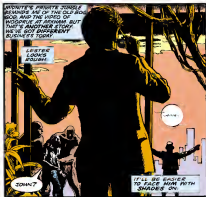


THEN I TASTE
THE STRONGEST
FLAVOR YET.

A THROB OF PAIN
THAT TIES ME
CALLING ME TO
FEAST.

THIS IS THE
TIME. ANY TIME.







JUST TRYING TO KEEP OUR SPIRITS UP.

BEST CHECK THE EQUIPMENT. TATTOOING NEEDLES, INK, STAMP, BRACKET, HING, AND THE CHAIR. LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THE CHAIR.



BLOODY HELL! WHERE'S YOUR SET THIS?

PRIVATE AUCTION. IT CAME FROM KING KING.

OVER THREE HUNDRED LIVES HAVE BEEN KEPT FROM EXTINCTION ON THAT SEAT.

IT'S A BIT OVER THE TOP.



IT'S POWERFUL MAGIC, ANYWAY. I THOUGHT THE IDONT MIGHT AMUSE YOU.

MEAN, IT CRACKS ME UP. HOPE LATER SEE THE TORE - I'D BEST HAVE A PREGO WITH HIM. THEN WE'LL DO IT, RIGHT?



I FEEL LIKE A PRIEST, RESPONDING A MORTAL ABSOLUTION.

SNOODING, GAZ, HOW'RE Y' DOING?

IT'S NO GOOD, JOAN. I CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH IT. I'M OUT OF MY DEPTH.



OUT OF HIS DEPTH, HE SAYS... OR HE GOES DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME.

DON'T BE DAFT, PAUL. IT'LL BE A DIDDLE.

THE MAN'S AN OPTIMIST.



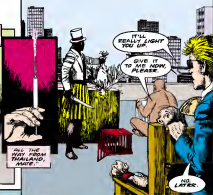
I MEAN IT, YOU'LL HAVE TO CALL IT OFF.

NO ONE DO. OLD SON. JUST IMAGINE YOU'RE AT THE DENTIST... AND I'M YOUR MUM.

"BE A GOOD, BEAVE, BOY--
AND AFTERWARDS, WHEN
IT'S ALL OVER, I'LL GIVE
YOU A TREAT."



"ALL THE
FOOT FROM
THAILAND,
HAITE!"



"MIGHTY STARTS HIS ARMED
JUMBO, AND THE DRUMS
START BEATING LIKE A
PUMPING HEART."

"LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER
CHICKEN'S GOING TO
BITE THE DUST."



"I SUDDENLY REMEMBER
GAE'S MUM, CAN SEE
HER AS CLEAR AS YES-
TERDAY. A LITTLE, SLY
WOMAN, HANDING GIVE
A DATE -- CALLING HIM
IN TO TEA."



"SHE WANTED
HIM TO BE A
DOCTOR."

"DEAD NOW, I
THINK -- CANCER..."



"SHE NEVER DID LIVE
HE, BAD INFLUENCE,
SHE SAID."

"PEOPLE SHOULD
LISTEN TO THEIR
MOTHERS."

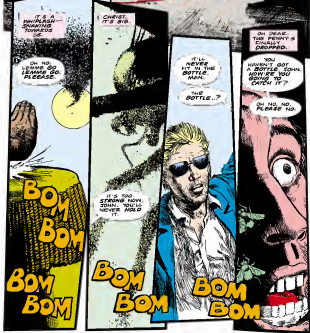


OH MOTHER, GOD, IT'S COMING.

HE'S RIGHT. THE PERFECT DAWN IS TAINTED BY A BLACK BLOT, LEAVING FROM THE SUN.

BOM
BOM

BOM
BOM



IT'S A BOMBALASH—
SHAKING
TOWERS
UP.

CHRIST,
IT'S BIG.

OH NO,
LENNIE GO
LENNIE GO,
PLEASE.

IT'LL
NEVER
FIT IN THE
BOTTLE,
MAN.

THE
BOTTLE..?

OH DEAR.
THE PENNY IS
EXACTLY
PROVED.

YOU
HAVEN'T GOT
A BOTTLE YOUN.
HOW'RE YOU
GOING TO
CATCH IT?

OH NO, NO,
PLEASE NO.

IT'S TOO
STRONG NOW,
JOHN. YOU'LL
NEVER HOLD
IT.

BOM
BOM

BOM
BOM

A BLITZARD OF FLIES
ENVELOPED US

CONSTANTINE!
YOU
GASTAARD!

BLACK SHINY BATTLE'S
POKE US. WE'D NEVER
HOLD IF WE IT TRIED TO
FIGHT US.

IF IT DIDN'T
WANT TO GO...

... PLEASE
WE WANT IT
TO GO.







HE'S TRAUMATIZED
FROM SHOCK.



I CUT THE
BINDER
AHEADS INTO
PIECES LIKE
PUFFS.

HAVE TO MOVE
FAST. COULD COME
TO AT ANY...



... ARGUMENT.



SHIT, MR.
RIGHT IT.
HMM.



DON'T LET IT
DO THIS. DON'T
LET IT MAKE YOU
HURT ME.



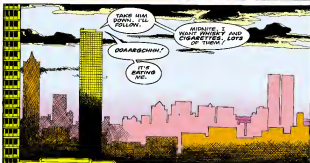
CAN
YOU
PUSHING
HATE.



IT'S DOWN, DOWN
CONSTANTLY.



YOU
DON'T WANT
TO HURT
ME.





ON AVERAGE, IT
TAKES FOUR
MINUTES
TO SMOKE
A CIGARETTE.



A BOTTLE OF
WHISKY LASTS
TWO HOURS.



BUT HOW BLOODY
LONG CAN YOU
KEEP SCREAMING?



I'M GLAD ABOUT THAT.



CAUSE THE GHOSTS ARE HAVING
A PARTY, AND I DON'T SEEM
TO BE WELCOME.

ONE GLANCE IS ALL I
GET, THEN EVERYTHING
CATCHES FIRE AROUND
THE EDGES.



LUCKILY I'M
UNDERGROUND BEFORE
MY OWN DATE
THE CONCRETE.



I WANT OUT OF THIS PLACE.
I NEED TO PUT AN OCEAN
BETWEEN MYSELF AND
MADAME ...

...AND GARY LESTER.



AROUND AM, THE WORLD
FIZZLES ABOUT ITS
LUDICROUS BUSINESS.

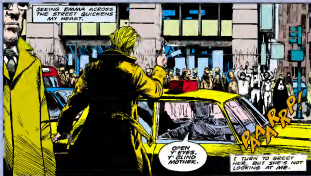


IT DOESN'T EVEN REALIZE
WHAT IT OWES AM.

FEELS, I'M TALKING
LIKE A PRATT. A
PARANOID, LONELY,
PRATT.



SEEING MADAM ACROSS
THE STREET QUICKENS
AMY HEART.



OPEN
EYES.
I'LL
BLIND
ANOTHER.

RAARRP!

I TURN TO GREET
HER, BUT SHE'S NOT
LOOKING AT AM.

I SUPPOSE I
SHOULD HAVE
GUESSED.



I CLENCH MY JAW
UNTIL MY TEETH
HURT.



GOD 'EM.
THEY'RE ONLY
BLOODY GHOSTS.
WHO NEEDS 'EM?

END.



*"Not just a staple of the Vertigo Comics label,
but of horror comics in general."*
— iFanboy

JAMIE DELANO

HELLBLAZER: ORIGINAL SINS

with **JOHN RIDGWAY**
& **ALFREDO ALCALA**



HELLBLAZER:
THE DEVIL YOU KNOW



with
VARIOUS

HELLBLAZER:
THE FEAR MACHINE



with
VARIOUS

HELLBLAZER:
THE FAMILY MAN



with
VARIOUS

HELLBLAZER:
PANDEMONIUM



with
JOCK

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